

THE  
INQUISITOR;

OR,

*Invisible Rambler.*

IN THREE VOLUMES.

---

BY MRS. ROWSON, AUTHOR OF VICTORIA.

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SECOND AMERICAN EDITION.



VOLUME II.

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PHILADELPHIA:

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THE

INQUIRY

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VOLUME II

PHILADELPHIA

Printed by Messrs. Carey, Houghton, South & Co.

1876

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THE  
INQUISITOR, &c.

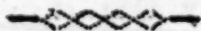
EAST INDIAN CONTINUED.

**P**oor fellow! said I, looking at him with an eye of compassion as he went out of the apartment—Poor fellow! thou hast been hardly used by one man who called himself a Christian, and it makes thee suspect the whole race—But, surely, said I, it is not a man's barely professing Christianity, that makes him worthy that character; a man must behave with humanity, not only to his fellow-creatures, but to the animal creation, before he can be ranked with propriety among that exalted class of mortals.

The man who with unmerciful hand scourges his slave, does he then remember that the person he is chastising is endowed with the same sense of feeling as himself, and is as sensible of pain, hunger, thirst, cold, aye, and all the social blessings of life? has filial, conjugal, and paternal affection?—then why, because he is a slave, should you bestow on him painful stripes, when yourself would shrink to receive but the smallest of them?—Does the name of Slave,—

Slave ! said I, rising as I spoke, while the sanguine tide that plays about my heart, rushed unbidden to my cheeks—

Why did I blush, why did I tremble, as I pronounced the word slave?—It was because I was ashamed of the appellation—It is a word that should never be used between man and man—The negro on the burning sands of Africa, was born as free as him who draws his first breath in Britain—and shall a Christian, a man whose mind is enlightened by education and religion, for a little sordid pelf, sell the freedom of this poor negro, only because he differs from him in complexion?—What right has an European to sell an African? do they leave their native land, and seek our coast, by arts entice our countrymen away, and make them slaves?—



### THE SLAVE.

I WALKED out, and endeavoured to dissipate the disagreeable reflection; but the idea of slavery pursued me still.

Unhappy man, said I, as busy fancy drew out the sad scene.

She held up to my mind's eye, a man born to a good inheritance, and surrounded with all the comforts, all the blessings, he desired—but he was a negro.

He was sitting in his little hut, his jetty companion by his side; one infant at her breast, two o-

thers prattling at her knee; she looked, she felt happy. Her husband, her children, were with her; serenity played on every countenance; content had fixed her habitation in their dwelling—Some Europeans enter—they deck his beloved children with baubles—they tie beads round the arms of his wife—and ornament her jetty locks with glittering toys—He is charmed with their courtesy—He walks with them to the sea side, and takes his boy, his eldest darling, with him—they invite them on board the vessel—Poor soul! unsuspecting their treachery, he goes, and bids adieu to liberty for ever—His wife, taking advantage of his absence, trims up their hut—lays her dear babes to sleep—and then prepares a supper for her love, composed of wholesome roots and fruit—She wonders why he stays—She leaves her home, and walks towards the sea; she sees him embark—her child goes too—the sailors spread the sails—the vessel moves—she shrieks—but there my heart was wrung so keenly, I could go no farther.

I left the wife, and followed the poor negro—he had no comfort but the idea that he should be with his child; that he should have it in his power to ease him if heavy tasks were imposed, to guard him from dangers, and teach him to be resigned and contented.—They arrive at Barbadoes—they are exposed to sale, and allotted to different masters.

Alas! poor man, tears and intreaties are vain; you are in the hands of the sons of Mammon.

Fancy still led me forward—I saw him when age and infirmities came on without one comfort, without one friend, on a miserable bed, sickness and sad remembrance his only companions—he is weary of life—he offers up a prayer for his still dear companion, for his children, his hapless enslaved child—He dies—and is thrown into the grave without a prayer to consecrate the ground, without one tear of affection or regret being shed upon his bier.

Had not that poor negro a soul?

Yes—and in futurity it shall appear white and spotless at the throne of Grace, to confound the man who called himself a Christian, and yet betrayed a fellow-creature into bondage.

It would give me a great deal of pleasure, said I, to have the history of the East Indian—but when I have got it, how shall I translate it?—I know nothing of the language; but, perhaps I may be able to procure a person to translate it for me.

How do you do? my good friend, said a man, rather shabbily dressed.—Now I make it a rule never to turn my back on a man because he had rather wear a thread-bare coat, than run in debt with his taylor; so I turned about to present my hand to the person who addressed me with such cordiality, and perceived in him the features of an old school-fellow.



## THE CLERGYMAN.

I FEAR, said I, as we went forward—I fear you have not been successful in gaining any permanent settlement—pray how have you disposed of yourself these last seven years?

I have, he replied, been strangely tossed about, beheld various scenes, tried many different plans, and been unsuccessful in them all.

When I left Oxford, I was recommended by a friend of my father's to be preceptor to the only son of a man of large fortune—he was a sprightly, sensible lad, but extremely capricious in his humour, which was owing to his parent's never allowing him to be contradicted. For a month or six weeks we went on very well; my young gentleman was fond of learning, took every thing with surprising facility, and gave me little or no trouble in obliging him to attend his book—but the unbounded applause he received from his parents, the caresses and indulgencies they were continually heaping on him, and the praise every casual guest was obliged to bestow on this darling of the family, soon made him think he was as learned as any of the seven wise men of Greece, and therefore had no farther need of a preceptor.

When I found he grew careless and neglectful, I thought a little correction might be necessary; but, on trying the experiment, was called by the over-fond mother, an inhuman monster; and the

father thought his boy had a genius too bright to require such rough methods of proceeding. In short, Sir, having no power over the child, he soon lost what little learning he had at first attained; and I was dismissed with the character of having ruined the boy's genius by ill-timed and unmerciful correction.

As I had taken orders, I lived for some time by occasionally reading prayers, or preaching for a vicar who was very old and infirm, but having a large family, could not well afford to pay a constant curate.—In the course of this time I became acquainted with a young lady, possessed of every virtue that might render her a desirable companion; add to this, she had two hundred pounds in her own possession, and lived with an uncle, who, besides an affluent fortune, had an excellent living in his gift—the old incumbent of which was in a very declining state of health—had Maria been poor I should have loved her; but I should never have thought of marrying her in the circumstances I then was, as I knew it must involve us both in misery. She was all gentleness; and while she thought the sentiment she felt for me was only pity for my precarious, disagreeable situation, it by degrees ripened into a tender and lasting affection.—Her uncle had ever studied her happiness, and thinking it would soon be in his power to settle us both in an easy, desirable living, he encouraged my pretensions, and in a few months made me the husband of Maria.

It would be needless to mention the happiness I enjoyed for eight months with this amiable woman; suffice it to say, I envied not the wealthiest or most opulent man in Europe. But our happiness was too great to be permanent—her uncle had ever been a man of sound constitution, and though then in the sixtieth year of his age, gave no signs of infirmity or decay: but, alas! who can depend on so frail a thing as life?—One morning, having waited breakfast till near ten o'clock, surprised at the old gentleman's lying so long, as he was in general an early riser, I tapped at his chamber door, but received no answer. I opened it, and went in, and found he had taken his final leave of this world. I felt myself extremely shocked; but fearing for Maria, who, at that time was pregnant, I composed myself, and going down, told her that her uncle being rather indisposed, desired not to be disturbed.

On pretence of going for an apothecary, I went and informed an intimate friend of Maria's with the melancholy affair. We determined she should call and take Maria out, and by various methods keep her from home all day; when in the evening we would, by degrees, acquaint her with the sad tidings—But all these precautions were vain.—During my absence, one of the servants had entered the room, which, in my agitated state of mind, I had forgot to lock, and instantly alarmed her mistress. At my return, I found my poor Maria in an agony of grief, which, however, was

happily of no ill consequence to herself or the infant.

When my uncle was buried, we examined his papers, and no will being found, a distant male relation took possession of the whole estate. I removed with my wife from the house; still flattering myself, when the old incumbent died, I should have the living; but I was mistaken. In a few months the old man paid the debt of nature, and the living was disposed of to another person.

Our disappointment was very great—but the two hundred pounds Maria possessed, hindered us from being immediately exposed to want, but that sum was gradually decreasing—beside a child, which was born soon after my uncle's decease, Maria promised to make me father of another. At any other time, this would have given me great pleasure—but the unsettled state of my affairs, made me regret that this poor little infant was coming into a world to inherit nothing but penury.

About this time I was recommended to Lord Ernoff, whose eldest son was going abroad, and wanted a governor; however painful it might be to part with Maria, yet the promise of a handsome salary led me to accept the proposal.

I left the dear woman, and set out to make the tour of Europe with my young Lord.—I had been absent from my native country three years, and found myself highly in favour with the young gentleman abroad, and his father at home—who, to recompense my fidelity to his

son, was continually heaping favours on Maria and the children.

We were at Madrid, when my Lord commenced an intrigue with a woman of rank and reputation. —It was in vain I represented to him the dangerous consequences that might ensue from such an illicit amour.—The more I remonstrated, the more obstinate he appeared; and unfortunately soon succeeded in ruining the object of his dishonourable pursuit.

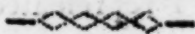
Having obtained every favour from the easy, thoughtless Leonilla, he was preparing to leave Madrid.—She was informed of his design (and the revenge of a Spanish woman, when injured, being always adequate to the love they once bore their seducer) she hired bravoës to dispatch this young nobleman the night preceding that appointed for our departure.

We had dined out—and the evening being fine, preferred walking home, rather than going in a carriage.

I perceived two men watch and follow us through every street, till coming to one that was dark and unfrequented, one of the men came up and attempted to stab my Lord.—I drew my sword, and aiming at the villain's heart, threw myself before the young nobleman, and received the poignard of the second assassin in my own bosom.

This little scuffle having made some noise, people soon gathered round, when the ruffians finding themselves disappointed in their aims, made off.—My Lord, thinking a longer stay at Madrid would

be dangerous, left me to the care of a surgeon and nurse, and departed next morning for Paris; from whence he proposed returning to England.



### THE MOURNER.

My friend was proceeding in his narrative, when our attention was engaged by the appearance of a woman habited like a pilgrim, but in deep mourning—such an appearance being uncommon in England, it naturally excited our curiosity.

We were in Kensington Gardens.—

The mourner's stature was above the lower size, and there was a certain dignity about her which spoke her of no common rank—her features had once been lovely, and even now, though pale and marked with grief, there was a something in them that engaged the affections, and insensibly drew the heart towards her.—She seated herself upon the ground, and resting her elbow on the root of a tree—her head reclining pensively on her hand—she plucked up some wild daisies that grew round her—it amused her for the moment, but recollecting herself, she cried—

They will soon die, and I have killed them.

The thought seemed to give her exquisite pain.—She dropped the daisies on the ground, and burst into tears.

I will not look at them, said she, rising, and bending her steps another way.

Alas! poor soul, said I, it is not these flowers you would fly from, it is yourself and your own painful reflections.

That is very true, said she (turning towards me, and laying her hand on my arm) I would fain forget that I was the murderer of an innocent man—I am trying to expiate my fault by fasting and hard penance. I have come a pilgrimage of many hundred miles on foot, nor rested my weary limbs, but when necessity obliged me to cross the sea.—If I could find the woman I have made a widow, and the children I have rendered orphans, I would do something to make their lives happy, and then return home, and devote myself to the Blessed Virgin.

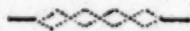
Alas, continued she, still resting on my arm, and laying her other hand on her heart—alas, you know not what a sad thing it is to be an orphan. I once had a father—had he lived—but, poor man, he had been to the wars; and when he returned, he met my mother's corpse just going to the grave.—He wept not—he never once complained, but following in silence, saw her interred—then laid himself down on the cold turf that covered her, and never rose again.

Here she seemed quite lost—and leaving me abruptly, walked to a retired part of the garden.

I never felt my pity so strongly excited as at this moment.—The whole tenor of the mourner's discourse and actions discovered the disorder of her

mind. She seemed to have experienced a variety of misfortunes which had banished fair reason from her throne. Poor girl, said I, how severely must your heart have been wrung before you were drove to this miserable situation!

But come, said I, turning to my friend, finish your recital.—He attempted to speak, but was forced to stop—something rose in his throat—I felt the same in mine—but what that was, I will leave to the imagination of every reader of sensibility.



### THE COURTIER.

MY Lord's departing from Madrid without me, continued my friend, occasioned a report to be spread that I had died of my wounds, and indeed never was a man nearer the confines of the grave than I was—but by the care and attention of the people that were about me, I was in six weeks able to go into the country, where I remained above two months in a languid, weak state, during which time I received not one line from my Lord—as soon as I found myself able to bear the fatigue of travelling, I set forward for England, where I arrived about ten months since, and found my dear Maria in a situation truly deplorable—The old Earl was dead, and the son daily expected from Paris, where he had made a longer stay than he at first intended—Maria had been six months without re-

ceiving any money on my account, as my Lord had wrote to his father's steward, informing him that I chose to be left at Madrid—I endeavoured to get employ; and, after many fruitless attempts, at last got a curacy of thirty pounds a year, which is but trifling to support a wife and two children—I have frequently wrote to my Lord, who has been at his seat in Essex ever since his arrival in England; but either has been prevented from answering my letters by a multiplicity of business, or he does not choose to be troubled with an indigent friend—Yet I cannot bring myself to think it possible for a human being to be so ungrateful as to turn a deaf ear to the complaint of a man who once saved his life, at the hazard of his own—He arrived in town three days since; and this day, at two o'clock, I propose waiting on him, and requesting his assistance.

We will take an hackney-coach, and I will set you down at his door, said I.

When we arrived within ten yards of the house, I stopped the coach, and getting out, wished my friend a good morning, and turned down a street, only to put on my ring—when quickening my pace, I was at the Earl's door as soon as he was.

A servant appeared, whose insolent carriage bespoke the character of his Lord.

You may always judge of a man's general demeanor and disposition by the behaviour of his servant, the lower class of mankind always aping the manners of their superiors.

After some hesitation, and a few leering, saucy looks at the rusty garb of my friend, he left him standing in the hall, and went up to my Lord.

Having waited full a quarter of an hour, he again made his appearance at the top of the stairs, and reaching his body partly over the ballustrades, called out, You may come up.

I followed him into the chamber of the young Earl—He was sitting in an easy chair, dressed in a long robe de chambre, a dish of chocolate in one hand and the news-paper in the other;—his back was partly toward the door;—and on my friend's being announced, he neither turned his head nor raised his eyes from the paper—

I have taken the earliest opportunity to wait on your Lordship, said my friend, bowing.

Oh, Mr. Teachum, said my Lord, I am glad to see you—Set Mr. Teachum a chair—said he to the servant—and when did you arrive in England, Mr. Teachum?

I had the honour of informing your Lordship by letter, he replied, about six months since, and of the mistake that was made concerning my salary, which was stopped from the time your Lordship left Madrid.

Why, Teachum, said my Lord, lifting up his eyes, for the first time, from the paper, and looking at my friend with a sort of surprise, I thought from that time you was free from my service.

Very true, my Lord; but the wound I received in your Lordship's service confined me to my apart-

ment for a long time; and the attendance I received was very expensive—I had nothing to depend on but your Lordship's bounty.

Well, I will see and recompense you for your salary's being stopped—

Pray, how have you lived since your return to England?

But poorly, my Lord; I have but thirty pounds a year.

My Lord again looked up; but it was a look of disbelief.

And how many children have you?

Two, my Lord; a boy and a girl.

Well, I will see and do something for the boy—and let me think—yes, there's the living at Wilt-ham, about three hundred a year—that will just suit you—call on me again in a day or two; I shall always be glad to see you.

So saying, he got up, and without farther ceremony, walked into the next room—my friend departed, and I followed my Lord—He pulled the bell—John, said he to the servant that entered, I desire you will tell the porter never to admit that shabby parson again; I don't like to be teased with visits from such mean-looking people.

Mr. Bauble waits below, said the servant.

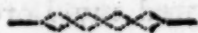
Desire Mr. Bauble to walk up—and when Miss L'Estrange comes, let me know.

The jeweller entered, and in a few moments after, Miss L'Estrange, whose levity of carriage, str-

died negligence, and confident stare, at once spoke her profession.

A number of jewels were displayed; and this Lord, who had not a guinea to spare for the poor man who saved his life, lavished four hundred pounds on jewels for an infamous strumpet.

And is such a man, said I, as I left the house, is such a man as this a peer of the realm? can he, who ought to ornament the nation, thus shamefully disgrace it!—Of all the crimes a man can commit, ingratitude is the blackest: It argues a depravity of heart, a mind stupid and insensible; it sets a man below the brute creation—the animal world in general are grateful, affectionate and faithful—But man—man, whose boasted reason makes him lord over those who act merely from instinct, loses his superiority by folly and ingratitude—I am certain that the man who is unmindful of a benefit conferred on him by a brother mortal, is totally destitute of gratitude toward the great source of his life, health and prosperity.



## THE VISIT.

I WILL go and see Teachum, said I, one day, after having recounted his story to my Emma—She would accompany me——

Their habitation was small, but every thing about was neat to excess; there was nothing to be seen that spoke distress; the children were clean; Maria herself, though her attire was plain, ap-

peared the model of elegance—she was hearing her children their lesson; they stood before her, reading each alternately a verse from the sacred writings.

Teachum was leaning over the back of her chair, gazing at his children, with eyes expressive of as much pleasure, and far more serenity, than the miser who contemplates his hoarded treasure—

We are come to spend an hour with you, said I, leading my Emma into the room.

Maria was embarrassed; but she was too polite to make unnecessary excuses concerning her dress or apartment—I always think such apologies are a sort of reproof for an untimely visit.

Have you seen my Lord lately? said I.

He is never at home, replied Teachum.

I am sorry for it, said I; and believe me, my friend, I think your attendance on him is entirely unnecessary, and your hopes from that quarter fruitless—I have taken the liberty of calling, to offer you any service that is in my power, and to beg you will look upon me as your friend; I shall hope to see you often at my house.

And I hope, said Emma, that Mrs. Teachum and my little friends here will always accompany you.

I have been sadly perplexed for these few days, said I, changing the conversation—I have got a manuscript in my possession written in the Eastern language; I am certain it contains some extraordinary incidents, but cannot get at the particulars, being

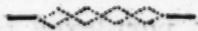
almost entirely unacquainted with the characters it is wrote in.

It is lucky, said Teachum, that you have mentioned it to me; I ever took great pleasure in studying the Eastern languages, and am a great admirer of their style; it is simple and elegant, and though we may translate it with tolerable correctness, we can never entirely preserve its native purity—If you will put the manuscript into my hands I will use my endeavours to translate it. I have many leisure hours, in which I amuse myself with my pen.

I was highly pleased with the idea of having the adventures of the poor Indian in my native language, and desired Teachum to call on me next day; when, fearful of paining them by a longer visit, we reluctantly took our leave.

Emma, at parting, put something into the hand of the girl; and seeing I observed her, she took my hand when we were seated in the carriage—it was but a trifle, my love, said she; and I had saved it from my own private expences.

Had she just been giving away half my fortune, the look, the manner in which she pronounced these words, would have instantly obtained forgiveness.



### THE METHODIST.

EMMA intended to call on several of her acquaintance.—I hate visits of ceremony—so alighting from the carriage, I strolled into the fields.

An itinerant preacher was mounted above a listening multitude, bawling out the virtues and excellencies of charity, and strongly recommending brotherly love among the elect—all his cry was faith and charity; at the same time he declared every one to be in a state of perdition that differed from his sect in their opinion concerning religious matters. I never was partial to people of this persuasion; not that I condemn the whole class—no, far be it from me to censure a large body of people, because some of the members are hypocrites.—I have known many people, who profess Methodism, humane, charitable, and just; but they were people of enlarged ideas, and liberal education—the solemn gait—sanctified air—upcast eyes—and tongue ever ready with scripture phrases and quotations, are by no means the signs of genuine piety.—A cheerful, contented disposition—a heart grateful for every blessing, and resigned to the all-wise dispensations of Providence—and a hand ready to bestow on others part of the blessings we enjoy ourselves;—these are the results of pure religion—these are the acceptable sacrifices in the sight of our Creator.

When the preacher had finished his oration, he descended from the tub on which he had stood; and with his hat in his hand, walked round to his numerous congregation, every one warm with the impression made by his discourse, readily contributed something towards the support of a man who was so eloquent in recommending them to seek the right way to eternal happiness.

The collection that was made must have amply repaid him for the time and breath he had spent in exhorting them to charity.

I should like to know, said I, whether this man practises the virtue himself, he so strongly recommends to others.

I put on my ring, and followed him home.

His habitation was at Chelsea—at his door he was met by a woman decently dressed, but dejected in her countenance—her eyes were swollen with tears.

Well, said the man, pushing rudely by her, is he gone?

He is gone, she replied—gone for ever.

What, is he dead?

Yes.

And in my house—why was he not removed to the work-house?

Alas, Sir, replied the woman, the parish officers came to take him away; and the exertions he made to rise and dress himself, being too much for his weak frame, he expired as they were putting him into the chair.

And who will pay for the funeral?

The parish will.

And do you think he shall go out of this house till I am paid my rent?—No, no, as he has died here, he shall stay till every farthing owing me is discharged.—Have you got any money now?

Not one halfpenny, or a morsel of bread for my poor children—But I will sell my bed—it is the last

thing I have left, and we will henceforth sleep on straw.

You shall sell nothing—touch nothing till I am paid.—What, do you think I am to lose a whole year's rent?

Have you no compassion on a poor widow and six fatherless children? said the woman.

I do not know what business such poor folks have to get children, he replied. Go, go along woman; I am going to dinner, and cannot be troubled with your whining and complaints.

I took off my ring, and following the poor woman up stairs, gave her something to quiet the apprehensions her inhuman landlord's discourse had inspired.

As I passed from the staircase to the street door, I heard this teacher of charity pouring forth a long grace over his meat.

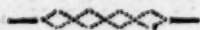
Hypocritical wretch! said I, dost thou think this lip service is acceptable to God?—Mistaken man, thou art mocking the Lord of the universe.—Go, divide your meal with the widow and the fatherless—it is the best way of shewing your gratitude to him who gave it to you.

Such men as this, said I, as I left the house, are a great deal more prejudicial to society than the professed libertine. When we see a man neglect all religious duties—break through all ties, moral and divine, we naturally turn from him with horror and detestation.—But, when a man, under the cloak of piety and virtue, who professes a just sense of reli-

gion, is discovered to be hard-hearted—oppressive—avaricious—selfish—in short, living in the private practice of every vice he publicly declaims against; is it not enough to make the generality of the world conclude that religion is no more than a specious mask put on to deceive mankind?

Religion, in her own native simplicity, is truly lovely—she attracts admiration—charms the soul by her precepts—and passing with us through life, blunts the points of those arrows of affliction which it is the lot of every mortal to experience.

But, hypocrisy too often puts on her pleasing garb; and, when discovered, leads mankind to think the angel-face of piety hides the foul fiend beneath.



### THE STUDY.

MR. TEACHUM was in my study full half an hour before I came down.—Well, my friend, said I, as I entered, don't you think I have got a fine parcel of writings?—Here in this drawer, pointing to one that was partly open, I keep all my heroic poetry—here is another for plays—another for odes, sonnets, pastorals, &c.—What a charming prize these would be to some garreted author; he might sell all this waste paper for at least two-pence a pound—it would then turn to some account, for it might serve to wrap penny-worths of tobacco—light pipes, fires, &c. or, in short, be applied to

any other use the possessor might want waste paper for.

What an humiliating idea ! said my friend, smiling.

Not at all, said I ; in following the dictates of imagination, and employing my pen, I please, I amuse myself—but if my writings are not so lucky as to please and amuse others, why should I be mortified ?—Every man has a peculiar taste ; and between you and I, my friend, every man has a peculiar hobby-horse, on which he frequently mounts, and rides away post haste, without once considering who he may discompose, overturn, or offend in the wild career.

I know one man, who, though possessed of a very moderate fortune, and who has had but a confined education, is so fond of aping the insolent carriage of a lord, that he is continually distressing his companions by affected grimaces, and studied gestures—then he speaks in such a pompous style, and assumes such an air of consequence, that while he thinks he is received with admiration, every man of sense must laugh at his folly.

Another is fond of displaying his profound learning in the different sciences—at one time he is a professor of music—at another time he studies logic ; and when by chance you mention either of those sciences, he will run on at least two hours without either taking breath, or giving you an opportunity to edge in a single word.

These are their hobby-horses—writing is mine. I would not give up the pleasure of writing for any pecuniary gratification that could be offered.

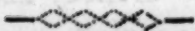
That is, said my friend, because you stand in need of no pecuniary favours; but ask the poor author, who, in an airy apartment three stories from the ground, sits invoking the coy muses to assist him in writing something to gain him a few guineas that might serve to satisfy his butcher, baker, &c.—ask him, my good friend, if he will give up the pleasure of writing, to enjoy a settled salary of sixty pounds a year.

He might readily promise to do so, said I; but take my word for it, the very first time pen, ink, paper, and an opportunity fell in his way, he would write an eulogium on the man who had thus generously raised him from distress.

Oh, ye sweet tuneful sisters, may ye never forsake my mansion; but when on the wing to visit your favourites—Burney, Moore and Inchbald—stop for a moment, and dart a single ray of your sacred fire upon the humblest of your votaries—in a sad hour it will enliven me—in a lonely hour amuse—and when happiness deigns to be my companion, it will increase every pleasure.

But come, said I to Teachum, here is the story I wish you to translate.—I am going out for a few hours, and shall hope to see it in fair English characters when I come back.—You shall see part of it at least, said he. So I left him; and mounting

my horse, which was at the door, rode into Hyde Park.



### THE FRACAS.

ON my entering the Park, I saw at a distance, a multiplicity of people, some running one way, some another, and all in the utmost confusion.—I rode up to the place, and the first thing that presented itself to my view, was Miss L'Estrange in a fit, and a few paces from her, a young man laying on the ground, bleeding. By his side knelt the fair mourner whom I had seen in Kensington Gardens—she was endeavouring to staunch the blood that issued from his side, with her handkerchief—it seemed a scene of confusion, for no one was paying the least attention to this wounded man, but this unhappy woman.

I called my servant, and giving him my horse, raised the young man from the ground, and presently perceived it was Lord Ernoff, whom Teachum had attended abroad.

I assisted the fair mourner to bind up his wound with our handkerchiefs, and a servant at that moment arriving with a surgeon and a litter, we lifted him on it, and proceeded to the nearest house—the surgeon thinking the sooner his wound was dressed the better.

The mourner followed pensively—often crossing herself, sighing, and weeping bitterly—no one at-

tempted to obstruct her entrance into the house with us.

The wound was dressed, and the surgeon pronounced it not dangerous, provided a fever could be prevented.

Lord Ernoff had fainted through loss of blood; and during the time of his wound being dressed, remained in a state of insensibility.

It was judged proper that he should be immediately put to bed; but, when the servant attempted to move him, the mourner came to me, and entreated that she might not be separated from him—for, indeed Sir, said she, I heartily forgive him—I do not wish his death now, though once I sought to have assassinated him; but I have since been taught that we should forgive those who injured us. Alas! if it were not for the reflection that I am not at enmity with any mortal breathing, how should I have hope to obtain pardon of my Creator for the heinous crime I have committed whilst in pursuit of my revenge?

I thought from these few words that this hapless mourner could be no other than poor Leonilla.—I entreated the people of the house to let her remain with the wounded nobleman; and attended her up to his chamber, where he was in bed, and just recovering his senses.

She approached the bed, and sitting down on the side, took one of his hands—kissed it, and pressed it to her bosom.

He lifted his languid eyes, and fixed them on her face—at first they spoke amazement and terror—but at last grief.

Where am I? said he—am I passing the bounds of mortality; and art thou, blest shade, suffered to conduct me through the gloomy vale?—I know why you look so mournful—you died of a broken heart—but I shall be punished for my crimes.

Compose yourself, my Lord, said the mourner—you are in no danger, I hope you may yet live many years, and be happy.

Do you talk of happiness, said he; and do you wish me happy?

I do! I do! So Heaven hear my prayers.

But, tell me, said he, how came you here?—am I not in England?

She was going to answer—when I interposed and begged they would both be silent, and consider of what dangerous consequences a violent exertion of spirits might be to the young gentleman. She promised obedience, drew the curtains round the bed, and sat down in an easy chair that stood at the head. A nurse entering, I took that opportunity to go and enquire what had been the cause of this unhappy affair.

The servant who attended Miss L'Estrange and his Lordship in their ride that morning, gave me the following account:

That a strange gentleman rode up to Miss L'Estrange, and accosting her in a very haughty manner, inquired why she had left him at Paris, and

what she had done with a miniature picture which she had taken from his cabinet the morning before she left him; the lady pretended not to know him, and complained to my lord that she was insulted; upon which, high words ensued between the stranger and Lord Ernoff, when the former, having a pair of pistols ready in his pocket, offered one to my Lord, who being naturally of a warm disposition, took it, and before any interposition could be made, they both fired; my Lord's pistol took no effect, but the stranger's wounded him in the manner you have seen. At the discharge of the pistols, Miss L'Estrange fainted; but I believe it was more for fear of the life of the gentleman, than my Lord's. I ran as fast as I could for a surgeon.—

The servant was proceeding in his story, when he was called away.

Having gained this intelligence, I determined to go immediately to Miss L'Estrange, who was now become an inmate of Lord Ernoff's house, and see in what manner she behaved, and whether the servant's suspicions were well founded.

I repaired immediately to his Lordship's house—inquired for the lady, but was denied admittance—a chariot and four was at the door—I feared some foul play; and thinking there was no time to be lost, I watched my opportunity, and putting on my ring, went into the house, and up to the lady's apartment. I found her sitting on a sofa, with a large quantity of jewels, &c. on a table before her; she was busied in packing them up, but often

turned, and addressed some endearing expressions to an officer who sat beside her, entreating him never to forsake her again, and telling him what riches she had heaped together since she had lived with Lord Ernoff.

I examined the features of the pretended officer, and in spite of a large black patch which he had over one eye, and his eye-brows and complexion being stained, I soon discovered it to be the villain Cogdie, who had escaped from the officers of justice as they were conveying him from Gretna Green to London.

I learned from the conversation that passed between Cogdie and Miss L'Estrange, that she was in reality his lawful wife ; but being of a loose disposition, had broken the matrimonial bonds some years since, and visited most of the capitals of Europe with a young nobleman, whose fortune she had ruined, and finding him no longer able to support her extravagance, she had left Paris with Lord Ernoff, with whom she had lived for this twelve-month past.

I found, also, that chance had thrown Cogdie in her way ; and that he, seeing her in so prosperous a situation, and being himself at a very low ebb of fortune, had persuaded her that his passion for her was stronger than ever, and endeavoured to prevail with her to rob the Earl, and decamp with him.— But L'Estrange was a woman whose avarice was not so easily gratified: she, by feigning the most passionate tenderness for the Earl, had worked upon his temper till she persuaded him to make a will

greatly in her favour; and then the insult, &c. which happened in the Park, was planned and executed by Cogdie. He had marked the pistols; the one he gave to Lord Ernoff was charged only with powder, but that which he retained himself was loaded with ball.

I was greatly at a loss how to act, as I feared to leave the house to procure proper persons to secure Cogdie, lest in the mean time he should escape.

L'Estrange told him he ought to prepare for flight; and giving him several bank notes, some jewels, and other valuables, stepped into another room and brought out a gown, petticoats, &c. for him to put on.—I was quite undetermined in what manner to prevent his departure, when L'Estrange recollected there was some more money in a bureau in Lord Ernoff's apartment, which was in a distant part of the house; I followed, and seeing her safe in the closet, in which there was no bell, and only a small high window, and that secured with bars: I pulled to the door, locked and bolted it; I then returned in haste to the apartment where Cogdie was, and seeing him totally absorbed in the pleasure of contemplating his treasure, fastened both the doors, without being observed.

Having succeeded thus far, I left the house with precipitation, and procured proper people to apprehend them; I returned within half an hour, and demanded entrance. Though I had been absent so

short a time, five minutes longer had been too late; Cogdie and L'Estrange had by their cries alarmed the servant; for each fearing the other intended information against themselves, were in the utmost consternation; and violent were their cries for liberty—the servants had burst open the doors, and Cogdie was on the stairs in order to depart when I entered.

I committed them both to the charge of the constable; having first eased them of the weighty concern of having so much money and jewels to take off. I waited on them to the house of a neighbouring justice, made my accusation in proper form, and being certain that apartments in a strong, well-built mansion, would be prepared for their reception till further enquiry should be made concerning the affair, I left them, and returned to the wounded Nobleman; and, from thence, home.



## THE REPARATION.

I THOUGHT you were lost, my love, said Emma, as I entered the parlour about eleven o'clock, and found her seated at supper with Teachum and his Maria.—In my hurry and confusion in the morning, though I had sent my servant home, I had not sent any message by him: I was therefore not surprised at my Emma's exclamation. The adventures of the day had so entirely taken up my

mind, that the East-Indian had not once intruded; and even when my friend mentioned having almost completed the translation, I felt no sort of curiosity to see it.—We will take a walk to-morrow, said I to Teachum; I have seen Lord Ernoff to-day, and, if you like, I will take you to visit him early.

We were at the house where he was before ten o'clock.

As we entered the room without noise, we saw the fair Leonilla in the highest act of devotion; his Lordship was sitting in the bed, supported by pillows, his eyes fixed with a mixture of love and veneration on her face, we were unwilling to disturb them, so drew back behind the curtains. When she had finished her morning orisons—Oh, my dear Lord, said she, what a relief do you give my almost bursting heart, by informing me that your governor is not dead. How severe has the reflection always been, that my rashness had sent a deserving man out of the world; a man who had honour, courage, affection, sufficient to make him value his own life as nothing when the life of his lord was in danger. It is that cruel idea, and the remembrance of my dear father and mother, that at times deprives me of my reason; but I will be thankful to that good Providence that has taken this mighty load off my heart.

I hope you have provided for Mr. Teachum, said she, after a little pause.

It is a shame to own I have not, said my Lord; but I will endeavour to repair all my errors.

Mr. Teachum is come to see you, my Lord; said I, stepping forward.

Ernoff stretched out his hand, and taking hold of Teachum's, cried, this wound, my good Dr. Teachum, is an excellent thing.

Indeed, my Lord, replied Teachum, I do not believe any body but yourself thinks so, all your friends regret it.

I rejoice in it, said his Lordship, it makes me feelingly remember my own ingratitude.

Teachum walked to the other end of the room—he was too much of a Christian to rejoice in the pain of a fellow mortal, though it might be productive of good to himself. After our noble patient's wound was again dressed, he requested Leonilla to inform him why she had left her native country.

She said, that when she found by the rumour then prevailing at Madrid, that Mr. Teachum was killed in defending his Lordship, it lay very heavy at her heart, and she grew melancholy and sickly.—I never went to sleep, said she, but I fancied the shade of the innocent man my rashness had murdered, was reproaching me. I thought my mind would be easier after confession, and went to my holy father, confessed my first deviation from duty, my grief, anger, revenge, and all its fatal consequences.—The good father rebuked the spirit of revenge that still was harboured in my bosom,

and taught me that penitence, fasting, and tears, were the only methods to gain the pardon of the Creator for my heinous offences—but, alas! Sir, I could not pray—my mind was in a state of horror, not to be described—remorse, love, and rage, by turns tormented my soul; but Heaven, offended at my obstinacy and folly, visited me with a dreadful judgment.—I had a favourite dog which you had given me; on this poor inoffensive animal did I vent the various changes of my temper, one moment caressing it, the next using it with the utmost barbarity. My dear mother had never suspected my dishonour; she wondered at the alteration so visible in my health and disposition; and frequently chid me for my unkindness to this poor little animal. I fear I used it very ill; but, indeed I hardly know what I did, my mind was so disordered.

My dog ran mad, and bit my dear mother; all medical assistance was tried without effect—she expired in the greatest agony. My father who was on a campaign against the Turks at the time this happened, unfortunately returned the day before my mother was buried—he was unprepared for the stroke he saw my mother's corpse—he saw me deprived of my senses.

In my delirium I told him how I had dishonored his house—It was too much; he was not equal to the mighty load of sorrow, but sunk under it.

Since that, I have wandered about, over barren hills and desert plains, seeking content, but she

fled from me as I pursued her. I thought she might dwell with charity; so I divided my portion with the fatherless and the widow; but alas! I could never find her—she is buried in the grave with my dear parents!

I saw that the recital of her misfortunes had occasioned a return of her unhappy malady; so taking her by her hand, I led her into another apartment, and persuaded her to take some repose.

About six weeks after, I had the pleasure of bestowing her in marriage on the repentant Lord Ernolf. Teachum performed the ceremony; and his Lord gave him as a marriage portion, the promised living of Wiltham.

Leonilla never after relapsed into her former disordered state of mind. She entreated that Cogdie and his companions might be forgiven. Her Lord complied with her request; and she gave them a sum of money, to prevent poverty being an incentive to future vice. But they were too far immersed in all manner of deceit to think of amendment, and soon returned to their old practices.

I cannot help here relating a circumstance that happened many years after.—The son which Olivia brought into the world, the fruit of her unfortunate attachment to Cogdie, as he advanced in years, shewed no signs of any of his father's vices in his disposition, except a propensity to gaming.—This propensity he once indulged at a public gaming

house, where an old man having won from him a considerable sum of money, which the young spark imagining was not won by fair play; high words arose, and a challenge was given.

They met, fired, and the old man was wounded. —The son of Olivia, though hasty in his temper, was generous, humane, and forgiving; he wished not to take the life even of the man who had wronged him.

He had him carried to his lodgings; and finding him in a poor situation, he sent for a surgeon, and supplied him with all the necessaries and comforts of life at his own expence.

A servant in the family who observed the frequent visits of Olivia's son to this mean, obscure lodging, told it as a secret to Olivia's maid, who directly told it to her mistress.

Olivia was then at my house; she had often wished an union might take place between her son and Lucy Heartfree, my fair petitioner. The idea of a secret mistress immediately alarmed her.—She desired me to go with her to the place the servant had mentioned.

I complied.

When we entered the room, the first object that struck our sight was her son helping a woman to lift an infirm, sickly old man from a chair to the bed; he was, to all appearance, near his end.

The old man no sooner saw us than he breathed a dreadful groan, and fell back in his chair. Olivia was greatly agitated—she applied her salts to

his nose.—He recovered—he gazed feebly on her. It is Olivia, said he.—She started.—Do you not know me, Olivia? have you forgot the wretched Cogdie?

Gracious Heaven! cried Olivia, catching hold of her son's hand, it is your father.

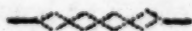
My father! said the youth; then I am a parricide.

Not so, my son, answered Cogdie; you have only revenged your mother's injuries.—But, will you forgive me.

May heaven forgive you as freely, said Olivia.

Her son knelt, and craved forgiveness of his dying father.

It is enough said Cogdie. I forgive, and I hope to be forgiven.—His head sunk on Olivia's shoulder—he groaned and expired.



## THE CHILDREN.

• I THINK you have never read Mr. Teachum's translation, said Emma, one evening, as I was sitting by her, listening to the innocent prattle of Harriet and her little companion—I had some months before committed them to the care of Mrs. —, of Hammersmith.

Though I had always heard the highest character of this lady and her school, yet my dear Harriet, who at this time was at home for the holidays,

raised it in my opinion—Lucy, said she, let us play at school—you shall be Mrs. —, and I will be a scholar.

You may always judge by the play of children what company, regulations, and conversation, they are used to.

Come here, Miss Harriet, said Lucy; I hope you are very well this morning, and quite prepared to say your task; you know I shall take no excuse.

Come, Ladies, it is eight o'clock, and not all dressed yet!—Oh fye! Miss, your face and hands are not washed!—how indelicate that is!—well, now we are all ready—so you must kneel down and say your prayers.

Do you always say your prayers at school, Harriet? said I.

Oh, yes, Papa; Mrs. — not only makes us say our prayers, but she says her own prayers with us.

Do you love Mrs. —, my dear?

Yes, indeed, Papa—I don't know any body but what does love her, she is so good to us all.

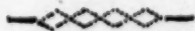
I was so pleased with the account the children gave of this amiable woman, that by means of my ring I frequently visited her unseen—there was always the same decent regularity observed through the whole house.

She had a relation lived with her—I would mention some acts of humanity which I have seen this relation perform, but I fear to hurt her delicacy—

Yet there is one which will never be erased from my mind. It was the kindness she shewed to a poor young woman who was distressed, calumniated, and beset with dangers—Yet she knew not the full force of her benevolence; but I, who visited, unseen, the object of her humanity, know, that she drew her from an horrid precipice, from whence she must have soon plunged into the gulf of infamy.

Oh! thou gentle pattern of benevolence and piety, judge not the poor young woman from appearances—could'st thou but see her heart, thou would'st there read gratitude to thee, written in indelible characters—and when she prays for thee whose bounty she has received, she humbly asks of Heaven the power to return it.—But I am always running from the subject I begin with.

My Emma had requested me to read Teachum's translation of the Eastern tale; so dismissing the children to the nursery, and stirring up the fire, for it was a cold evening in December, I stepped into my study and brought out the manuscript.



### SADI AND ZELIA.

SADI, the son of Mahadan, the rich possessor of a fertile valley, watered by a beautiful river—who had slaves at his command, and was called by the

sons of the East, Sadi the Happy.—Ah! what avails possessions and treasure?—and what is terrestrial happiness to man?—It vanisheth like a dream—it departeth like the mist of the morning before the beams of the sun.

Sadi, the once rich and happy, is a slave, and wretched.—Go tell this to the daughters of joy—found it in the ears of the sons of pleasure; for prosperity has hardened their hearts, and made them callous to the feelings of humanity.

Zelia was the fairest among the daughters of Arabia; she was tall, and straight as the pine tree; stately as the young cedar; her skin was like the ripe olive; her eyes, bright stars; her locks were like the polished ebony; and her teeth, fair rows of pearl; her lips were the colour of the ruby; and her breath like the breezes blowing from the spicy islands.

I built a bower for my Zelia; I adorned it with beautiful flowers, and planted sweet smelling shrubs around it.

With lofty trees, I fenced out the sun beams; and the birds dwelt in their branches.—In the recess was a silver stream; the osiers and wild flowers hung upon its banks, and the swans sported on its bosom.

I sought my love among the daughters of the plain—I wooed her in the shady places—I brought her to the bower I had planted—I culled for her the choicest fruits—I brought her silks from the looms of Persia—I platted her hair with fresh flowers—I

put costly jewels in her ears—and with pearls made bracelets for her arms.

We were the happiest among the happy; in the morning we arose together, and worshipped the bright luminary of day.—We strayed over the fertile valleys—we sported with the young fawns; or retired from the heat, and reposed in the thick shade.

If I was in pain, she would sooth me.—I listened to her angel voice all day; and at night I reposed on her bosom.

The curtain of night had fallen over us—the stars shot their beams through the Heavens—the voice of distress met our ears—the plaints of sorrow invaded our dwelling—we went forth from the bower—we saw a Christian overpowered by his adversary. The blood issued from his bosom—his face was the picture of terror.

We bore him to our peaceful bower—we poured oil upon his wounds, and Zelia bound them up with her hands.—She watched him with the care of a sister—she gave him a part of our fruits, and brought him milk from the young camels.—He was grateful for the kindness we shewed—he swore by his God it should not be forgotten.—But, the word of a man is like unto the wind; it maketh a sound, passeth, and is no more remembered.

He left our bower once at early dawn—he tarried till the close of evening.

Zelia had retired to rest—the moon beams played upon her face—I contemplated her sleeping beauties.

The Christian I had saved, entered the bower—he brought with him a band of ruthless ruffians.—He seized upon my lovely Zelia—he listened not unto her cries—he put a chain upon her feet, and bound the hands which had healed his wounds.

They took our costly ornaments and pearls—they bound me with an heavy iron chain, and led us like two slaves towards the sea.—They put us on board a ship he had prepared—they spread the sails—the wind blew from the shore, and in the morn we saw the main before us.

They took the chains from off my hands and feet—they gave me food, but parted me from Zelia.

I heard her lift up a voice of terror—I heard her call on Sadi for assistance—I rushed into the room where they confined her—I saw her in the embraces of a villain—I snatched a poniard from his side—I bade him instantly forego his prey.

Zelia like lightning darted from his arms—she cried, Now, Sadi!—Sadi, follow me!—then, from the window sprang into the ocean.

I sent the poniard to the traitor's heart.—I felt its warm blood gush upon my hand; then hastily obeyed my charming Zelia.—I called her as I plunged into the sea—I sought my Zelia in the world of waters; but the spirits of blessed saints had seen her virtue—they caught the lovely vic-

tim as she fell, and bore her on their wings to paradise.—I called for death to take a wretched life—I fought the friend of misery, but he fled from me.

Some other Christians saved me from the sea; they gave me food, and treated me with kindness—but the kindness of a Christian is like the song of the Syren, it soothes the senses, gains upon the heart; then, unsuspected leads to destruction.—They took me with them to the Western world—they sold the wretched Sadi for a slave.

My haughty spirit was not used to bondage.—I heard that England was the land of freedom—I hid myself on board an English ship, and sailed unseen into the boundless main.—I left my hiding place, and fought the captain, and bowed my face toward the deck, before him.

He told me, I no more should be a slave—he brought me with him to this land of freedom.

But, here I found I also was deceived; for, here mankind are slaves to vice, to avarice, to luxury, and to folly.—The man who brought me from the Western world, demanded payment for my passage over. Alas! I had been rifled by the Christians.—I had nought to give but grateful thanks and prayers.—He who had said I should not be a slave, confined me in a loathsome prison house—this was my welcome to the land of freedom.

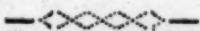
For seven long years I never felt the air, nor even saw the cheerful face of Heaven—but the angel of death that visits all the earth, then stopped the breath of my hard persecutor. I then was freed

from out the loathsome prison, and for a moment I rejoiced in liberty; but soon I felt the gnawing pangs of hunger. I had no friend whose pity might relieve me—the spacious city was to me a desert, and I was starving in the land of plenty.—But, who can bear the griping hand of famine; who can sink under it and not complain? I laid me down upon the damp, cold ground—I groaned aloud, and tore my hair through anguish; but many passed by, nor once regarded me; and others scoffed and called me an impostor. I thought the end of all my woes was come—I ceased to groan, and waited death's approach; but pity had not wholly fled the world she dwells within the hearts of Christian women—one brought me something to allay my hunger; another put some money in my hand—One seeming almost as wretched as myself, looked at me, shook her head, and dropt some tears. I felt her kindness more than those before—the tear of pity healed my bleeding heart.

But, the woes of Sadi soon will have an end; soon shall I sleep, and be at rest for ever, for the sorrows of my heart overpower me, and pain and sickness bow me to the earth.—The lamp of life is very near exhausted; and when each night I lay me down to rest, I think not to behold another morning.

And what, alas! has wretched Sadi done, and, who reduced him to this state of misery? Go tell the tale to all the Eastern world—Go warn them to beware of trusting Christians; for Sadi saved one

from the jaws of death, and thus was his humanity rewarded.



### THE CONVERSATION.

THIS is a strange world, said I, laying down the manuscript, and addressing my dear Emma—

The world, my love, she replied, laying one hand on my shoulder, and with the other wiping away a drop which poor Sadi's story had excited—The world, my love, in itself, is a charming place—it is the people in it that makes it uncomfortable. Let us view it at first coming from the hands of the Creator; what beauty, what regularity and order! but no sooner was man created, than pride—avarice—envy—revenge—and a long train of evils—

Not forgetting female vanity and curiosity, said I, looking archly at her.—

Nay, my dear, said she, don't attribute all your evils to our sex; for I am certain, that had not Adam had a little curiosity in his own composition, he never could have been prevailed on to stray from his duty—but we are running from the subject, continued she.

My remark was, that it is the vile disposition of many people in the world, not the world itself, that is so disagreeable to those who are possessed of humanity and feeling. What a delightful place it would be, said I, if harmony, peace, and love, universally reigned around us; if there was no in-

gratitude, no revenge, no rapine, murder, theft, or perjury.

It would, said she; but it is not for us to say why are things thus? let us, my love, endeavour to perform our duty, and, as far as example will go, lead others to do the same; and let us be thankful that the world is not so full of allurements, as to prevent our preparing and hoping for a better: For my own part, continued she, passing her arm round my neck, while her lovely countenance beamed with gratitude and love, my cup overflows with blessings; I feel no sorrows, except it is when I reflect on the vices or sorrow of my fellow creatures; yet, I must not expect to pass this life exempt from woe.—Poor Sadi has had a life of misery, it is true, but shall we arraign the Power Omnipotent, and say, why was it so?

My dear Emma, said I, I did not mean to complain of the dispensations of Providence, when I said it is a strange world; but does it not appear wonderful, that a man can so far forget a benefit, as to treat his benefactor with cruelty?

It is unaccountable, said she; and yet we hear of it in more instances than one—what a striking proof of ingratitude is related in Addison's pathetic story of Inkle and Yarico——

Oh, a propos, said I, you never gave me your opinion of the opera taken from that Story——

I was greatly pleased with it, she replied; I think the author shews great judgment in the management of his plot; for after having excited in our

imagination a proper horror for the avarice and ingratitude of Ince, by contrasting it with the blunt honesty of Trudge, he makes his hero repent, and, by unexpectedly bringing him to act with honour and humanity towards his kind preserver, leaves no impression on the mind of the audience, but an entire love and admiration of virtue.

I think the remark extremely just, said I, which Ince makes in the conclusion of the piece—that, his contracting ideas, and grasping disposition, was chiefly owing to his education.—

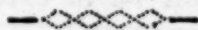
There is nothing, replied my Emma, which, in my opinion, should be so carefully inculcated in the mind of a child as humanity—there are many parents who, out of a mistaken fondness for their children, will suffer them, by way of amusement, to rob birds nests, catch butterflies, &c. and transfix them with pins, and a thousand other whims and fancies which are the height of cruelty; these things by degrees harden their hearts, and they can afterwards practise cruelty on their fellow creatures without repugnance.—I would always teach my children to be tender even to the smallest insect that has life; if, indeed, they are obnoxious or poisonous, and self-preservation leads us to destroy them, let them be dispatched quick and with as little pain as possible.—Then opening a volume of our inimitable Shakespeare, she read the following passage in *Measure for Measure*:

## M

The poor blind beetle which we tread upon,  
In corporeal suff'rance feels as much  
As when a giant falls.

Hail, humanity ! fair daughter of Heaven, it is thou, bright angel, that can smoothe the bed of pain, and blunt the sharpest arrow of distress: come, thou celestial guest ! and dwell with me, and with thee bring thy sweet companion gratitude.

Almighty Power ! creator of the universe, said I, teach me to shew my gratitude to thee by practising humanity towards my fellow creatures.



### THE REGISTER OFFICE.

I HOPE you will not disappoint me Madam, said a young woman to an old fat dame, who kept a Register Office for hiring of servants—I had entered the house by means of my ring.

The young woman was something below the middle size, her countenance was dejected, and she appeared not to be used to servitude.

You had better sit down and rest yourself, my dear, said the old woman.

I will, if you please, replied the other ; for it is a long walk from Lambeth.

She entered a little parlour, and sat down ; when I learnt from their conversation that the young woman, whom I shall henceforth call Mariana, was applying for a place as governess to one or two young ladies, and was promised by the woman

who kept the office, that she should be recommended to Lady Allworth, who wanted a governess for her two daughters.

It is now six weeks, said Mariana, since I was first proposed to Lady Allworth, and I should be glad to know whether she will have me or no, for my circumstances are such as render it absolutely necessary that I should have some place in a short time—To-morrow, Mrs. L—y, I hope you will go with me.

The old woman promised faithfully to attend her, and at ten o'clock the next morning was appointed for her to call.

Then to-morrow I will see thee again, poor, gentle Mariana, said I.

I was by no means pleased with the woman who kept the office; for while Mariana was resting herself, two young men of fashion came into the room.

I blush to think, that their being young men of fashion, rendered me uneasy on the poor girl's account.

There were some very intelligent looks passed between them and the old woman; and immediately on their leaving the room, Mariana was invited to dine the ensuing day.

At ten the next day, Mariana again repaired to the office, and was again disappointed of waiting on Lady Allworth.

I know not what to do, said she, as she left the house; and a tear stole down her cheek—She had refused the invitation to dinner, and was proceeding

with melancholy steps towards her home—I followed her.

When she entered the house, she was wet, cold, and hungry ; but there was neither fire nor refreshment.

She sat down at the end of a long table, and leaned her head upon her hands, the tears flowed plentifully down her pale face—she looked the picture of dumb despair.

I was thinking of some method to relieve her, when a short, fat old gentleman entered the room.

I read in your face, Mariana, said he, that you have had no success to-day.—

She shook her head, and asked his advice how to proceed.

I would advise you to go to Lady Allworth yourself—write a letter, send it up, and wait for an answer from her Ladyship.

Mariana wiped her eyes, wrote a letter, and then proceeded to measure back the weary steps she had trod before.

Poor girl ! said I, as I followed her, I should like to know how you were reduced to this situation ; but I will not leave you, till I see you are likely to get some settlement—Youth and innocence without friends or money, in such a place as London, must have a hard struggle to keep free from vice , and will find it impossible to keep free from censure.

I wish Lady Allworth may be as much prepossessed in your favour as I am—but perhaps she will not see you ; and should she not, you shall not be lost for want of a friend.

I do verily believe, that during our walk from Lambeth to St. James's street, I was almost as much agitated as Mariana herself.

She tapped modestly at the door ; but I could see it was humiliating to her.

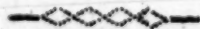
A servant appeared, and she was instantly admitted—

Will you deliver this to Lady Allworth ? said she, presenting the letter.

The servant looked at her with compassion—I thus translated his looks : this poor girl is come to entreat a favour of my Lady ; I will not be the means of her not obtaining it ; I wish she may meet with success.

Sir James Allworth, said I, is a benevolent man ; he never suffers a petitioner to be treated with rudeness or disrespect : I can read his humanity in the countenance of his domestic.

I had hardly time for the reflection before Mariana was desired to walk up stairs—I perceived that she trembled as she ascended ; but had her fears been ever so great, they must all have vanished at the sight of Lady Allworth.



## THE DRESSING ROOM.

SHE was an elegant woman, though, arrived to an age when the bloom and sprightliness of youth is past ; yet her face had a benignity about it that diffused itself over all her features, and seem-

ed enlivened by a ray of celestial light; her fine black eyes were of that sort that would pierce the inmost recesses of a guilty soul, but withal, tempered with so much benevolence, that to the innocent they seemed to beam only with humanity and compassion.—Her form was majestic, and in her manner was a mixture of dignity, ease, and sweetness.

Mariana's countenance brightened up when she saw this lovely woman—she curtsied, and a faint blush tinged her cheeks—

You are the person who wrote this letter? asked her Ladyship.

Yes, Madam.

Pray, who was it that pretended to recommend you to me?

Mariana informed her.

Good God! cried Lady Allworth; I know nothing of the woman; I never applied to her for a servant in my life; and should never have thought of applying to an office for a governess.

Mariana turned pale, and with difficulty restrained her tears.

But pray, continued her Ladyship, pray, Ma'am, inform me how you came to apply to an office:—have you no friends?

But one, Madam, and she is not in a line to recommend me.

Poor girl! said Lady Allworth, softly—she thought the exclamation of pity too humiliating to be addressed to Mariana herself: it was an invo-

luntary motion of the lips dictated by a feeling heart.

Pray, sit down, Madam continued her Ladyship, and, if it is not disagreeable, inform me how you came into such a place as London without friends: I feel myself interested in your behalf, and if it is in my power I will serve you.

Mariana sat down, and with a voice of timidity, accompanied with a look of gratitude, in a few words, acquainted Lady Allworth with her story.

My father, Madam, is an officer in the army; my mother dying while I was yet an infant, my father married a lady in America, who brought him an ample fortune—he took me over to America when only eight years old, and we remained there in the utmost harmony till the unhappy breach between Great Britain and her Colonies. My father refusing to join the Americans, his property was confiscated, and he returned with his family to England in a distressed situation.—We have been in England seven years; the family has been sickly and expensive—my poor father was involved in debt—I could not bear the idea of adding to his expences I left my home, which is in the country, and came to town to a distant relation, in hopes, by industry, to obtain a living; this relation I have undesignedly offended; as also some who were nearer allied—my efforts to live by industry have failed, and I find myself under the necessity of seeking a service—I had flattered myself with the hopes of being engaged in your Ladyship's

family; but alas! I am disappointed in all my undertakings.

Has the woman who pretended to recommend, got any money from you? said her Ladyship.

Indeed, Madam, she has got all I had.

Lady Allworth drew forth her purse—Mariana arose to take her leave.

Stop a moment, said Lady Allworth—sit down again—you must want some refreshment.

A glass of wine and a biscuit was ordered.

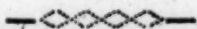
Call on me again in a day or two, said her Ladyship; I will try to do something for you; in the mean time accept of this trifle.

I could not see what she put into her hand; but I am sure it was the manner of the giver, not the gift itself, that sunk so deep into Mariana's heart: it was that which made her exclaim as she left the house—Dear Lady, when I forget my obligations to thee, may I cease to live.

Lady Allworth kept her word, and recommended Mariana to a Lady in whose family she remained till ill health obliged her to quit it.

Ye fair daughters of Britain, whose charms are the theme of every tongue, the admiration of every eye, and whose praise is founded to the most distant kingdoms, learn from the amiable behaviour of a Lady Allworth, how to attain those charms which neither time nor accident can diminish—the beauties of that Lady's person might have rendered her universally admired; but it is the goodness of her

heart alone that could create universal love and veneration.



### THE FASHIONABLE FRIEND.

As I passed a house in the close of the evening, the window shutters being open, I saw a woman sitting by a table, her cheek resting upon her left hand, and a pen in her right—she wrote—then paused—then wrote: it seemed to be a subject that required reflection. A genteel young woman knocked at the door—I had time on my hands, so being rather curious to be present at a female tete-a-tete, I put on my ring, and when the door was opened I entered with the visitor.

She was hardly seated, before, observing the writing apparatus, she says, So my dear Ellen, you are exercising your fertile genius—you are certainly a charming girl!—what would I not give to possess such a talent—pray, may I see your performance, or will you be so obliging as to read it to me?

Ellen took up the paper, threw it on the window, and said, it was only a sonnet not worth looking at——

Oh, you sad girl? how can you mortify me so? I am sure if the sonnet is the production of your own genius it must be delightful—pray do let me see it.

If it will give you any pleasure, said Ellen, I will read it to you;—but, I assure you, it is but a trifle—she took it up and read——

From the day of my birth until now,  
 I've still been accusom'd to grief;  
 My mother she nurs'd me in woe,  
 Her sorrows admit no relief;  
 She lull'd me to sleep with her sighs,  
 Tears mix'd with the milk of her breast;  
 For oft would they start in her eyes,  
 At the sight of an object distress'd

To feel for another man's woes,  
 Is a blessing to British hearts giv'n;  
 A blessing which pity bestows;  
 And pity's the daughter of heaven.  
 All nature rejoic'd at her birth;  
 Humanity foster'd the child;  
 And when she appear'd upon earth,  
 Each virtue approvingly smil'd.

Oh, 'tis divine! exclaimed the visitor, whose name I found was Greenham;—pray, my dear Ellen, favour me with a copy of it.

Ellen promised to comply with her request.

I wonder, said Mrs. Greenham, why you don't publish your works; it is a thousand pities such charming poems as you in general write, should be buried in oblivion.

I sometimes, said Ellen, think I will lay some of my little productions before the impartial public; but I am quite terrified at the idea of exposing myself to the ridicule of my own sex, or the satire of the other.—

You are too humble, my sweet friend, cries Mrs. Greenham, there is not the least occasion for your fears—I am certain your works would be universally read and admired; and it will be injustice both to yourself and the world, to deprive them of the gratification of perusing them, and yourself of the fame you would certainly acquire, and undoubtedly deserve.

It is rather surprising, thought I, that one woman should be so liberal in the praises of another. —I looked intently in Mrs. Greenham's face; and methought I read dissimulation in every feature —I took an attentive view of Ellen, and plainly discovered that she saw through the thin veil of her visitor's flattery; and though she could not but listen to her with silent civility, she, in her heart, despised her envy and ill-nature much less than the specious arts with which she endeavoured to cover them.

When Mrs. Greenham took her leave, I followed her, determined to hear in what manner she spoke of Ellen, when absent from her. She went immediately home, and entertained her husband and several visitors at the expence of the inoffensive Ellen.

I found her, said she, scribbling as usual; I praised her extravagantly, and advised her to publish her works—she said she had some thoughts of it. I wish she would to my heart, for I should like to see her heartily laughed at—I am sure women have no business with pens in their hands, they

had better mend their cloaths, and look after their family.

And pray, why not, Madam, said an old gentleman, who had listened attentively to this loquacious harangue, why may not a woman, if she has leisure and genius, take up her pen to gratify both herself and friends. I am not ashamed to acknowledge that I have perused the productions of some of our female pens, with the highest satisfaction; and am happy when I find any woman has so large a fund of amusement in her own mind. I never heard a woman, who was fond of her pen, complain of the tediousness of time; nor, did I ever know such a woman extravagantly fond of dress, public amusements, or expensive gaiety; yet, I have seen many women of genius prove themselves excellent mothers, wives, and daughters.

But, Sir, replied Mrs. Greenham, the Lady in question only fancies herself possessed of genius; her writings are the most insipid things in nature.

If I could see some of them, said the old gentleman, I should be a better judge.

Then you shall presently, for I expect she will come and spend an hour or two with me this evening, when I can easily prevail with her to shew you some of her pretty scrawls.

Ellen soon after made her appearance.—Mrs. Greenham received her with a vast shew of affection, and soon began a conversation which led to literary productions.

I know of nobody so clever in this way, said she, as my little friend Ellen here—do, my dear, oblige the company by reciting some of your poems; or, perhaps, you may have some in your pocket—I know you always have a treasure there.

Indeed Madam, said Ellen, I only write for amusement; nor can it be supposed my performances have any merit worthy the attention of this company.

Oh, you are always so diffident—

It is a sure sign of merit, said the old gentleman,—But, pray Madam, addressing himself to Ellen, do you devote much of your time to your pen?

I am so situated, Sir, she replied, that I am unavoidably obliged to pass many hours entirely by myself—In the former part of my life I have been engaged in many scenes, the remembrance of which, in these solitary hours, would be extremely painful, were it not for the relaxation and amusement I find in the exercise of my pen—I have but few acquaintance, she continued, and even those few might, by too frequent visits, grow tired of my company. I seldom go out but I meet with some object to engage my attention; and often when reflecting on the various scenes around me, I fall into a train of ideas which I feel a sort of pleasure in committing to paper; and in general they serve to occupy the next leisure or solitary hour.

And an excellent way of spending time too, replied the old gentleman.—I am certain, Madam, you are never less alone than when by yourself.

It is true, Sir, said she, I do find a great deal of entertainment from this method of employing myself; but it is no reason for me to suppose, because I am amused in writing, another person should be amused in reading what I have written.

But, I do assure you, said Mrs. Greenham, it will give us all a great deal of satisfaction to hear a little of your performance.—Now do, Ellen, oblige us.

Ellen was of a temper that could not bear entreaties—she had not power to refuse a request made with any tolerable degree of sincerity and earnestness. I am always in pain for people of this disposition; they often do things absolutely disagreeable to themselves, because they have not strength of mind to refuse peremptorily, but do it so faintly, and with such evident marks of pain, that a second or third request always conquers.

I know a young man of this disposition who is intoxicated two or three times a week, though he is not naturally addicted to inebriety, and in general suffers exceedingly after it, merely because he cannot resist the earnest importunities of his friends.

I know a woman too, who, whenever she goes into a shop, lays out twice as much money as she

intended, because the shop-keeper intreats her to have this, and that is so vastly pretty, or amazingly cheap—and she imperceptibly launches into extravagancies which she afterwards heartily repents.—Now, though such a pliability of temper may be extremely pleasing and agreeable in domestic life, it exposes a person to a thousand inconveniences, improprieties, and irregularities. I would have a man or woman maintain an opinion of their own; and when resolved to refuse a request which they may judge imprudent or improper to grant, refuse it with such steadiness and dignity as may at once prevent their being teased into an action which their reason revolts against.

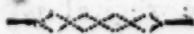
But, this is by way of digression, so I beg pardon, and return.

Ellen, urged by the united requests of the company, and a little female vanity which dwelt in her own bosom, at length complied, and recited in a graceful manner, a short, pathetic tale, written in the elegiac style, and greatly in the manner of Shenstone.

The old gentleman bestowed no praises on it, but he honored the recital with a tear, and soon after left the company—when the inoffensive Ellen became a butt for the satire, ridicule, envy, and ill-nature of those that remained, and whose tongues had only been restrained by his presence. Yet Mrs. Greenham professed an unbounded friendship for her, and declared there was nothing but what she

would freely do to serve her—but she was a fashionable friend.

Friendship is a word universally used, but little understood; there are a number of people who stile themselves friends, who never knew what it was to have an anxious thought for the person for whom they pretend this violent friendship, in the female world in particular. I make no doubt but there are numbers of women who, should they be informed whilst at cards, of the greatest misfortune having befallen one of their most intimate friends, would cry, Poor thing, I am vastly sorry—I had a great regard for her—and then inquire what is trumps? or how goes the game? I can divide the world into five distinct classes of friends, for there is hardly any one person breathing but boasts of feeling that exalted attachment for some one or other of their fellow mortals.—Among the men, is the professing friend and insidious friend; among the women, the ostentatious, and the envious friend; and a small parcel may be culled of both sexes and set under the denomination of real friends.



### THE PROFESSING FRIEND.

I WILL try him, however, said Lavinia, wiping her eyes, for I have often heard him say he valued my dear Ferdinand above all other men—and sure he will not let him languish in a prison for the want

of such a trifle, and which we can so soon repay.

It was a day or two after I was in possession of my ring.—I had stepped into a shop to buy a pair of gloves, when a young woman behind the counter addressed these words to her companion.

You may try him, Lavinia, said her companion, but I do not think you will succeed; beside, my dear, your circumstances are not so bad as to lead you to fear your husband's confinement.

They are worse than you imagine, Eliza, said she; we have, besides this bill, several more to pay, which we are equally unable to provide for.—Mr. Woudbe has professed the warmest friendship for my husband, I think he will be glad of the opportunity to convince him it was not merely professional.

I had by this time purchased my gloves; and being anxious to know how Lavinia would succeed in her undertaking, I just left the shop, put on my ring, and returned.

Lavinia had left the shop, and was in the parlour. A person came in, who, from his appearance, I should have supposed a man of fashion; yet, I knew him to be a mechanic—his affected air and gait spoke him a finished coxcomb—it was the identical Mr. Woudbe; he asked for her husband; he was not at home—he sat down, fell into conversation, frequently intimated his fer-

vent wishes for their prosperity, and declared he desired nothing more than an opportunity to convince his worthy friend Ferdinand how much he had his interest and happiness at heart.

Lavinia's eyes beamed pleasure and gratitude; she thought it a favourable, golden opportunity—she told him her husband's circumstances were embarrassed, but the loan of eighty or an hundred pounds would set them quite at ease; and they should by industry and œconomy soon be enabled to repay it.

She pleaded with the most persuasive eloquence; love animated her countenance; an anxious tear glittered in her eye—but the professing Mr. Would-be had none of the finer feelings which dignify the man; he loved ostentation, show and grandeur; but he had no idea of any pleasure in life superior to that he felt when dressed in a finer coat than his neighbour.—Two guineas was not too much for a ticket for a ball, but a shilling was extravagantly thrown away in relieving the wants of a distressed fellow creature.

To such a man, the tearful eye, the anxious countenance, alternately red and pale, the trembling frame, and struggling sigh of Lavinia, pleaded in vain; he heard her with indifference; he consoled her in language in which was an equal mixture of pity and contempt; and I was informed, by a person who knew him, that it was the last visit he ever paid his friend Ferdinand.

This is a sort of friend which the world swarms with—professions cost nothing—give me the man, whose heart, alive to every dictate of humanity, stays not till he is asked to do a favour, but eagerly seeks out opportunities to render service to mankind.

Anxious for the fate of Lavinia, a short time after, I made another invisible visit—when I entered the house, every thing was in confusion; and Lavinia herself looked like Melancholy musing on a scene of woe. I was casting in my own mind, fifty different plans to find out the real cause of her distress, and, if possible, relieve it, without hurting her feelings, by letting her know that her necessities were discovered by a stranger, when a little man entered the house, whose features, however plain, and, to the generality of the world, uninteresting, immediately prepossessed me in his favour.

Lavinia, said he, I hear you are moving, and am come to see if I can be of any service to you—where is your husband?

A gush of tears was all she could answer.

Dear girl, do not weep, said he—is it pecuniary matters that distress you? speak, Lavinia; will twenty or thirty guineas be of any service to you?

She hesitated; but at last confessed that they were greatly distressed for money; and that her husband was obliged to keep out of the way of his creditors.

I will be with you again in a few moments, said he, darting out of the house.

I waited his return.

In less than half an hour he came back, and put a sum of money into Lavinia's hand, which entirely calmed her fears.

Oh! Sir, said she, how shall I ever return this obligation?

By never mentioning it, he replied: let me beg it may be buried in oblivion—I shall be offended if ever I hear it talked of—it gives me pleasure that I had it in my power to serve so worthy a man as your husband, and restore tranquility to two hearts which were formed for love and domestic happiness.

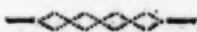
He shook her hand cordially, and left her.

How does thy humility exalt thee, my generous friend, said Lavinia, when he was gone; but actions like thine cannot be hid; it would be an injury to mankind, to conceal them—yet it is not an action to be blazoned from the trumpet of common fame; but gratitude shall snatch a gentler clarion, and tell thy virtues to the listening few, who know how to admire and imitate them.

I left her with a heart at ease.

It was the close of the evening—passing through a public street, I heard the sound of music, and saw a room, in an house of entertainment, elegantly illuminated—I took the advantage of my ring,

and went in—It was an entertainment given at the expence of Mr. Woudbe—the kind, the friendly, Mr. Woudbe, was lavishing in folly and dissipation, a sum, which might have lightened the hearts of the miserable, and dried the tear of dependency—But he could not shew his taste in giving or lending money—he could display his elegant fancy by spending it on trifles, or, in reality, throwing it away.



### THE ATTORNEY.

YOU must not lose a moment, Sir, said a footman, addressing a man in the coffee room, whom I knew to be an attorney—You must make all possible haste, for my master cannot live three hours.

The attorney was a tall, meagre man; had a great deal of servile politeness and outward sanctity in his manner; yet there was an under designing cast with his eyes, which made me suspect the integrity of his heart.

He is going to make a will, said I—perhaps some rich, old miser is at the point of death, and is willing to dispose of his hoards in the best manner he can—I will accompany the attorney.

We were sat down at the door of an handsome house, and I followed Mr. Vellum unseen into the chamber of the sick man.

He appeared to be between the age of forty and fifty; his looks were venerable, but his features

were marked by the hand of death—behind his pillow, supporting his head, sat a lovely girl about fourteen years old, who while she, with her hand, wiped away the sweat which stood upon the forehead of the dying man, bedewed it again with her tears—At the foot of the bed stood a youth something older than the girl; he leaned against the supporter of the bed; the curtain partly hid his face, but the part which was exposed to view, spoke filial love, anxiety and sorrow.

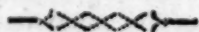
My good friend, Mr. Vellum, said the sick man, feebly stretching out his hand, I am glad you are come: I feel the springs of life almost worn out, and I wish to settle my worldly affairs, that my dear Julietta and Horace may have no trouble from my relations.

You know, Mr. Vellum, I married their mother contrary to the inclination of my father, and, on that account, at his decease, found myself possessed of but a small patrimony: willing to provide, not only for the present moment, but also for futurity, I entered into partnership with an eminent merchant, and my success being beyond my hopes, I not only lived in affluence, but am enabled to leave my beloved children sufficient to place them above temptation, and give them the exalted pleasure of administering to the necessities of their fellow creatures—I have experienced so much malignity and envy from my own relations, that I think them by no means fit guardians for my children. My wife was poor, and an orphan; she had many relations,

but no friends. Those who will not befriend a desolate orphan, are not proper people to be entrusted with the care and management of young, volatile minds—You, my friend, have a son about the age of Horace; and a daughter some years older than Julietta; they will be fit companions for each other. I do not think my children can be happier than under your guardianship and protection—I have in the funds thirty thousand pounds—I desire you will divide it equally between my children; and, in case of their dying without issue, it shall devolve to you and yours—I shall leave you other testimonies of my regard, and a few legacies to my servants—pray be quick, I am hastening toward my end—

Mr. Vellum wrote the will, the old gentleman signed it, and two of the servants witnessed it.

Mr. Vellum seemed greatly affected, professed much esteem for the lovely children, and declared the whole study of his life should be to make them happy—he embraced, and pretended to weep over his friend, but methought there was more of joy than sorrow in his tears—The will in his possession gave him greater satisfaction, than the death of his friend gave him pain.



## THE DEPARTURE.

THE old gentleman desired to be left to himself a few moments, the attorney and the children

withdrew—he offered up some pious ejaculations, requesting the blessings so abundantly shower'd on himself might be continued to his children; his heart overflowed with gratitude for the many mercies he had enjoyed: he petitioned health and prosperity, for his friends, penitence and pardon, for his enemies, and finished his prayer by fervently recommending his soul to the mercy of that Being who had guided and supported him through life. This essential duty finished, he again called for his children.

My dear Horace and Julietta, said he, I am summoned from you; early, my children, you are bereft of the love, attention, and advice of a parent, who had no other regard for life than as it contributed to your happiness—I have but one precept I wish to inculcate and impress upon your minds: deal by all mankind as you wish and expect them to deal by you; let nothing, my children, alienate your affections from each other; and remember to respect your brother and sister mortals, not according to the homage which the mistaken world may think due to wealth and grandeur, but according to their own intrinsic worth and merit.

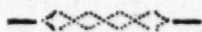
Horace, respect virtue wherever you find it; nor dare on any account use the wealth of which Heaven has appointed you steward, to corrupt integrity, or pervert innocence; shun the society of the licentious, though dignified with titles; regard not the scoffs of the libertine, but preserve unshaken your integrity to God and man.

Julietta, my beloved girl, fly from the voice of adulation; beware of insidious villains, who spread their spacious snares for youth and innocence; guard with unceasing vigilance your honor and your fame; yet, my dear girl, exult not in the pride of your own virtue, nor triumph over the wretched fallen of your sex; be uniformly good; be innocent yourself but pity and lament the misery of thote who have forfeited that inestimable ewel; pour the balm of comfort into their bleeding hearts, and learn from their errors to rectify your own.

Oh, I am going—one more embrace—Almighty Father bless—bless my—Children, he would have said, but the ghastly monarch sealed up his lips for ever.

Oh! take me with you, dear saint, cried Julietta, wildly clasping her hands—she threw herself on the bed and fainted.

The grief of Horace was manly, but expressive—the tears rolled down his cheeks—he walked about the room in silent agony—till seeing his sister's situation, he forgot his own sorrows, and endeavoured to revive and comfort her.



### THE ORPHANS.

LOVELY children, said I, as I left the house, you are now launched into a world full of temptations to vice, which will approach you under the fasci-

nating form of pleasure.—May you avoid the rocks and quick sands on which so many youths of both sexes are wrecked.

I do not like Mr. Vellum, said I, making a quick transition from the orphans to the guardian.—I wish he may discharge his trust faithfully.

Hang this suspicion, continued I, it is an uncharitable, unchristian-like thing that has crept into my mind under the shape of anxiety for the welfare of these poor orphans.—There's another foolish idea now; how is it possible a person can be poor who has fifty thousand pounds to their fortune; it may seem an inexplicable riddle to the narrow minded race of mortals who place the *summum bonum* of sublunary happiness in an ostentatious display of wealth and grandeur: but I can assure them a person possessed of fifty times that sum, may be poor, and so poor as to be miserable.

Impossible, exclaims pretty Miss Biddy, the tradesman's daughter, who just returned from boarding school, is informed by mamma that she is to have five thousand pounds for her fortune.

Impossible, had I ten more added to that five, I should be the happiest mortal breathing—and it is quite out of the question to think of ever being poor again.

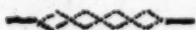
A well-a-day, said I, 'tis a strange thing: but, to me, poverty of ideas and meanness of spirit are greater afflictions than poverty of purse and meanness of birth.

When a man is alone, and in a thinking mood, his imagination insensibly runs from one thing to another, till he entirely wanders from the subject that first engaged his attention.

Now, this being my case, I had got into such a train of thought on the various kinds of poverty with which the world is infested, that it was with difficulty I brought my mind back to Horace and Julietta; and, when I did, that devilish suspicion of their guardian's integrity would creep along with them.

Pshaw, said I, what business have I to suspect a man of baseness, to which, perhaps, he may be an entire stranger. I declare, weak mortal as I am, I find sufficient employ in correcting my own errors, without searching out the errors of others.

I endeavoured to give my thoughts another turn, but in vain, they involuntarily turned back to the orphans, and I wandered on, musing on the uncertainty of their future happiness.



### THE GIRL OF THE TOWN.

FOR ever cursed be that detested place, said a wretched daughter of folly, as she passed a tavern in Holborn; and for ever execrated be that night, on which I first entered it.

She caught my hand as I passed her.

Give me a glass of wine, said she.

The watch had just gone ten.

I looked in her face—she was pretty; and I thought her features were not of the sort which never express shame; her eyes were cast down—I thought I saw a tear steal from them—I touched her cheek, it was wet, ye she forced a smile—I took hold of her hand, it was cold, it trembled.

My compassion was strongly excited—by an involuntary motion, I drew her hand under my arm, and walked on in silence till we came to another house of entertainment.—I then gave her something to procure refreshment, and bade her good night.

Then you will not go in with me, said she, in tremulous accents.

I must not, said I, I have a wife.

Go then, said she, letting go my arm. Yet, I thought I had found a friend, and would have told you such a tale—but, no matter—I am wretched—I have made others so—I will not sin against conviction. While this lasts, said she, I will live unpolluted—when it is gone, I must either starve or sin again.

Now let the icy sons of philosophy say what they please. I could no more have left this poor girl, after such a declaration, than I could travel bare-foot over the burning deserts of Arabia.—So, without once asking the advice of Madam Prudence, or suffering Suspicion to hint, that her affliction might be assumed—I again took hold of her hand, and we entered the house together.

And now for your tale, my poor afflicted, said I, after she had eaten an hearty supper of cold veal and fallad.

To engage your friendship, Sir, said she, I must be open and candid, and often condemn myself—I know I stand convicted before the world ; but the world sees not the heart.—Credulity was my fault ; a vile platonic system, my ruin.

Yet, had I been ruined alone, it were but little consequence ; but, alas ! I have involved others in misery—I have sown thorns on the conjugal pillow of a worthy woman—I have torn the heart of a parent with all the dreadful pangs an injured wife, a doating mother, can feel, who sees the husband of her affections, the father of her children, eagerly pursuing, and encouraged in a guilty passion.

Gracious God, cried she, clasping her hands, let my sorrows, my miseries, my unfeigned penitence, expiate this fault, and for the rest, thy will be done.

I know not how it was ; but, though she so strongly accused herself, and of such heinous offences, for my soul I could not but pity her ; and so did my Emma too, when I told her the tale ; so I bade her be comforted, and I would serve her in every thing that lay in my power——

But, to the tale——

You shall have it directly, good ladies—I know you love a little private history.

Mercy on me! cried Miss Autumn, what sort of a story are we to have now? the history of a filthy creature, who lived with another woman's husband, and then turned street-walker?

Even so, dear Madam; and if your immaculate modesty will be too much shocked at the recital in public, double down the page, take it up in your chamber, and read it when you are alone; it will save you the trouble of a blush——

And do you think, Mr. Inquisitor, that your works will be proper for the perusal of youth?

I hope so, Madam; Heaven forbid that I should ever write a page, whose tendency might make me blush to own it, or in my latest hour, wish to blot it out—my narrative is calculated to inspire at once pity and horror——

Pity! good Lord—I never heard the like—pity for an abandoned hussey, who merits the most flagrant punishment?

You'll pardon me, Madam, If I differ from you in opinion—I would have every woman to feel a proper horror and detestation of the crimes this unhappy girl has committed; but, at the same time, pity the weakness that led into them, and the miseries the commission of them has entailed upon her.

I have no patience, Sir; I insist upon it, that the breach of chastity in woman deserves the most rigorous punishment.

Unfeeling woman! if thou art really virtuous thyself, boast not thy superiority over thy afflicted, fallen sisters; but retire to thy closet, and thank thy Creator, that he gave thee not a form that might lead thee into temptations, or endued thee with fortitude to withstand them——

But now for Annie's story.——

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

